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Title: Chaos within Oblivion

Author: Xcio, Scribe Infernalis

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It is in the ink of my own blood, using the last spark of fire within my soul. I put the pen to paper and the last warmth within me pours into oblivion and my soul begins to chill.
In the beginning there was nothing. Oblivion, Void, Emptiness and Nothingness.

Creation is a perversion of that pure state of existence.
The natural state of existence is void, cold, hollow and lacking in any sort of warmth.

Even the very blood within our veins is a perversion of purity. We must be cold, our veins must empty and our heart must hollow so that Oblivion may find her way inside our souls.

Lady Oblivion, fill my soul with ice. Fill my heart with your void, condemn my life in your uncaring embrace.

Kel Met Nar - Resh

Kel Met Nar - Resh Tre Fel - Nah Tet Reg Met Resh - Nah Kel Met Nar - Tet Reg Fel Tel - Fah Ix Tez - Deg Tre
Ret Jeo Tret - Mar

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+ The Entropic Chant +

I am the thorn in the foot I, I am the blur in the sight;

I am the worm in the root, I am the thief in the night;

I am the rat in the wall, the leper that leers at the gate;

I am the ghost in the hall, herald of horror and hate.

I am the rust on the corn, I am the smut on the wheat,
Laughing man's labor to scorn, weaving a web for his feet.

I am the canker and mildew and blight, danger and death and decay; The rot of the rain by night, the blast of the sun by day.

I warp and wither with drought, I work in the swamp's foul yeast; I bring the black plague from the south and leprosy in from the east.

I am the shrill cold spirit that chills the darkness you feel after dark. I am the chaos that tears stars apart. You cannot escape me.

You cannot defeat me.

You can only embrace me.

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% @! \$ ^ & \* = `~
----\*written in the
handwriting of a small
child, not a part of the
original text\*---"...There is only ice inside,
what have I done? My
parents must never know."
~ Charlotte.